

PETER PINDAR'S

Second EPISTLE to his Cousin in the Country.

WITH pleasure, dear Cousin, I take up my pen
 To write on this famous election agen;
 And as I with freedom before dealt my jokes,
 I'll now give a list of some other good folks:
 And first let me touch on that busy elf B—ck—e,
 Who learns by example the method to truckle;
 He hunts after fame, but hath never yet caught her,
 His head being thick and inflated with water.
 With this son of Gotham is constantly seen
 The *shrew'd* MAN OF WEALTH,—Johnny H—rr—g, I mean;
 Arm in arm, through the market, together they jog
 To the **bye* of Bar-Iron, that savage old H—
 And when they're carousing a bowl of good liquor,
 Which glows at the heart, while the tongue moves the quicker,
 They rise altogether to make an oration
 On government, trade, or the state of the nation.
 Nor think—less illustrious are those who succeed;
 But don't laugh too much, my dear Coz, while you read:
 There's *Thrum*, and there's *Plumb*, two as good kind of men
 As ever came under the lash of my pen.
 The first, like a monkey, to mischief inclin'd,
 Is active, but all to no purpose we find;
 The other a Sh—te-water Baptist, Oh! rot him,
 Will insure a ship when 'tis sunk to the bottom
 He's hasty at times, but at other times civil,
 And in lying, my God! why he'll out lie the devil;
 Then should I be right, not to give him a rub,
 Since all the world knows he's so fond of a *scrub*;
 For *Bervor* he cries, in the joy of his soul,
 Who, is by the bye, neither fish, flesh nor fowl;
 Still let him bawl on, in this creature's behalf,
 For the longer he bawls, why the longer we'll laugh.

Now let me, dear cousin, advert to another,—
 Jemmy B—v—r, a brewer, the candidate's brother;
 He's a long, larchy fellow, much given to talking,
 And his legs are well hung for the purpose of walking;
 He's thin, and he's *weak* as the beer that he brews,
 But this, I conceive, e'en to *you* is no news.
 As jogging along, to'ther day in the street,
 I chanc'd with this hatchet-face being to meet;
 And as I pass'd by him, believe me, my dear,
 His abdomen grumbled, o'er charg'd with *small beer*;
 But let me have done with this odd kind of subject,
 And carry your eye, to a more striking object.

Puff'd up with revenge, once the devil declar'd,
 That his pow'r, on earth was nor honor'd nor fear'd;
 Hence, enrag'd, he concerted an excellent plan,
 To make up a fiend in the shape of a man;
 And thus, to the demons who stood round his throne,
 The grim, artful monarch his pleasure made known,—
 "Go hence and prepare some materials fit,
 "Much malice, and not more of reason than wit;
 "A little good nature, distrust, and revenge,
 "With folly, conceit, and a fancy to change;
 "These brought to my hands, in an instant I'll mix
 "Together, with mud from the bottom of Styx;
 "When mingled and kneaded for full half an hour,
 "On the lump all the dregs of mean jealousy pour;
 "Then strike out his form, and when polished right well—
 "Infuse in his nostrils the fire of H—
 He ceas'd, when the whole of his plan he'd propounded,
 And Styx' dreary borders with plaudits resounded:
 When lo! in an instant all things were got fit,
 And A—d—n rose from the bottomless pit.
 And now, my dear Cousin, I've finish'd my satire;
 But lest you suppose that I write thro' ill nature,
 I will frankly confess I would not, if I could,
 Give the smallest offence to the *worthy* and *good*.
 Adieu! my dear cousin, my freedom excuse,
 And you'll shortly receive something more from my muse.

Norwich, August 2, 1786.

PETER PINDAR.

* See his *new* and *elegant* shop on Hog-hill, which contributes so largely to the Window Tax.